MADE MEN

TOBIN
SUSINI
DUARTE
TEMOFONTE

20 YEARS OF COMICS

ONI PRESS

ISSUE #04 | DIGITAL COMIC

MADE MEN

PREVIOUSLY: Jutte Shelley—formerly Jutte Frankenstein—brought her murdered teammates back from the dead. (Just following the family business.) They've been given a connection to their murders: Detroit Chief of Police Hubert Grange. So while Ex, Leo, and Gemini committed some light breaking and entering, Hadry was trailing Grange at his usual hangout (a night club), and Jutte was securing a mole in the police department (by sleeping with a cop). Unfortunately, there's another player in the game who's got their sights set on Jutte and her crew.

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MADE MEN #4, DECEMBER 2017. Published by Oni Press, Inc. 1319 SE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., Suite 240, Portland, OR 97214.

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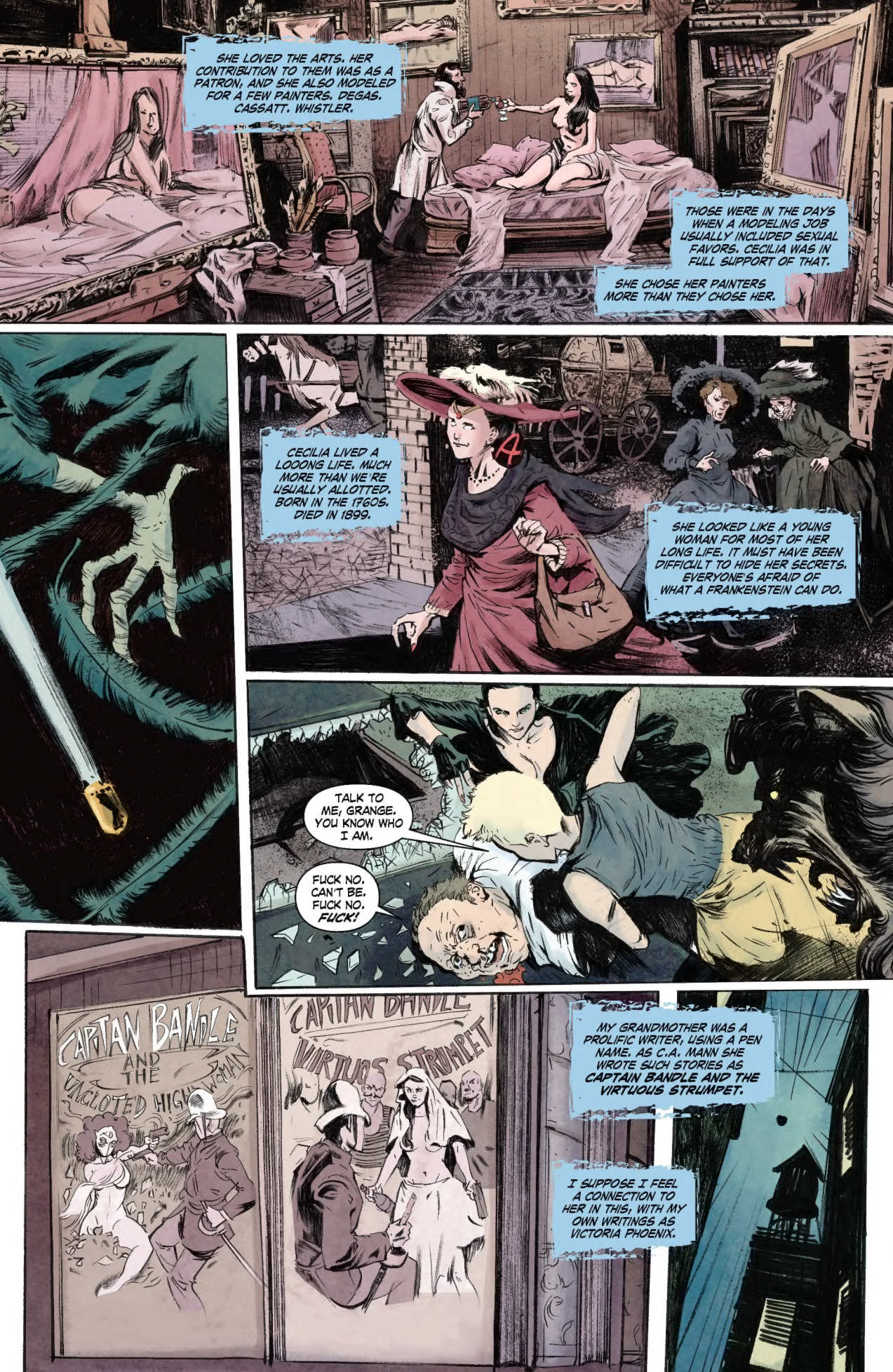
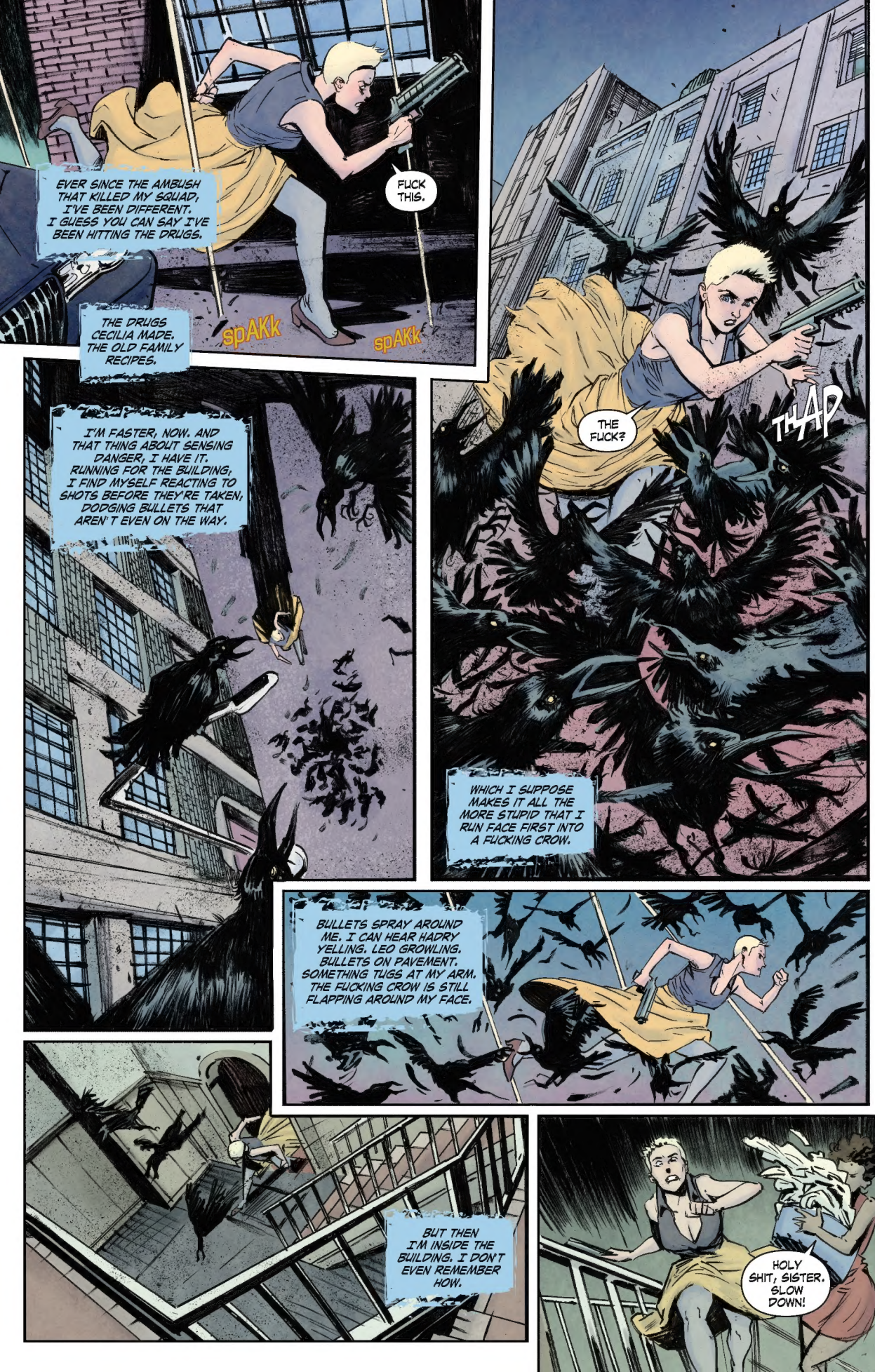
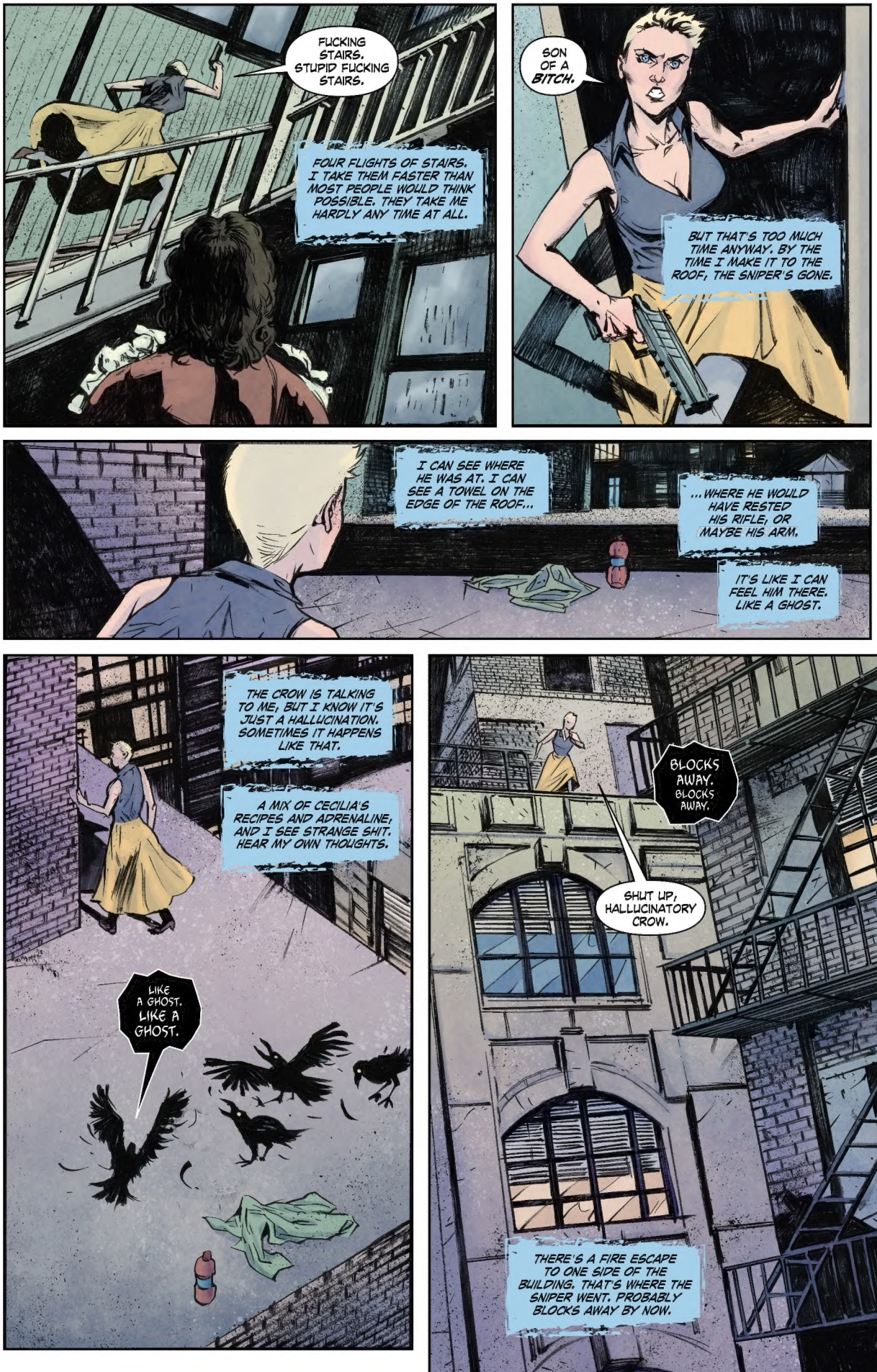
TARGET ACKNOWLEDGED. TAKING THE SHOT.
I'M TALKING TO MY OLD POLICE CAPTAIN, EITHER THE HEAD OF THE CONSPIRACY THAT ORDERED THE HIT ON MY ENTIRE POLICE UNIT, OR JUST ONE PART OF THAT CONSPIRACY.
I WANT TO KNOW WHICH ONE. I WANT TO KNOW WHY.
I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR ARM. HOW MUCH YOU TELL ME DETERMINES HOW BAD I SNAP THIS FUCKER.
CLkK
THE FACT THAT I'M EVEN HERE, WITH HADRY AND LEO, IS AMAZING. RIGHT NOW, AT THIS MOMENT, I CAN'T BELIEVE I DENIED MY FRANKENSTEIN HERITAGE FOR SO LONG.
SNIFF SNIFF
GET THAT THING AWAY FROM ME! GET IT AWAY!
CHOOM
THESE DAYS, WHEN PEOPLE THINK OF THE FRANKENSTEINS, IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT VICTOR, BUT HE WASN'T THE REAL BRAIN. NO, IT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER. CECILIA.
SHE WAS AN AMAZING WOMAN. AND IT WASN'T JUST THE SCIENCE.


SHE LOVED THE ARTS. HER CONTRIBUTION TO THEM WAS AS A PATRON, AND SHE ALSO MODELED FOR A FEW PAINTERS. DEGAS. CASSATT. WHISTLER.
THOSE WERE IN THE DAYS WHEN A MODELING JOB USUALLY INCLUDED SEXUAL FAVORS. CECILIA WAS IN FULL SUPPORT OF THAT.
SHE CHOSE HER PAINTERS MORE THAN THEY CHOSE HER.
CECILIA LIVED A LOOONG LIFE. MUCH MORE THAN WE'RE USUALLY ALLOTTED. BORN IN THE 1760S. DIED IN 1899.
SHE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG WOMAN FOR MOST OF HER LONG LIFE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT TO HIDE HER SECRETS. EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF WHAT A FRANKENSTEIN CAN DO.
TALK TO ME, GRANGE. YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
FUCK NO. CAN'T BE. FUCK NO. FUCK!
CAPTAIN BANDLE AND THE UNCLOTED HIGHWOMAN
CAPTAIN BANDLE VIRTUOS STRUMPET
MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A PROLIFIC WRITER, USING A PEN NAME. AS C.A. MANN SHE WROTE SUCH STORIES AS CAPTAIN BANDLE AND THE VIRTUOUS STRUMPET.
I SUPPOSE I FEEL A CONNECTION TO HER IN THIS, WITH MY OWN WRITINGS AS VICTORIA PHOENIX.

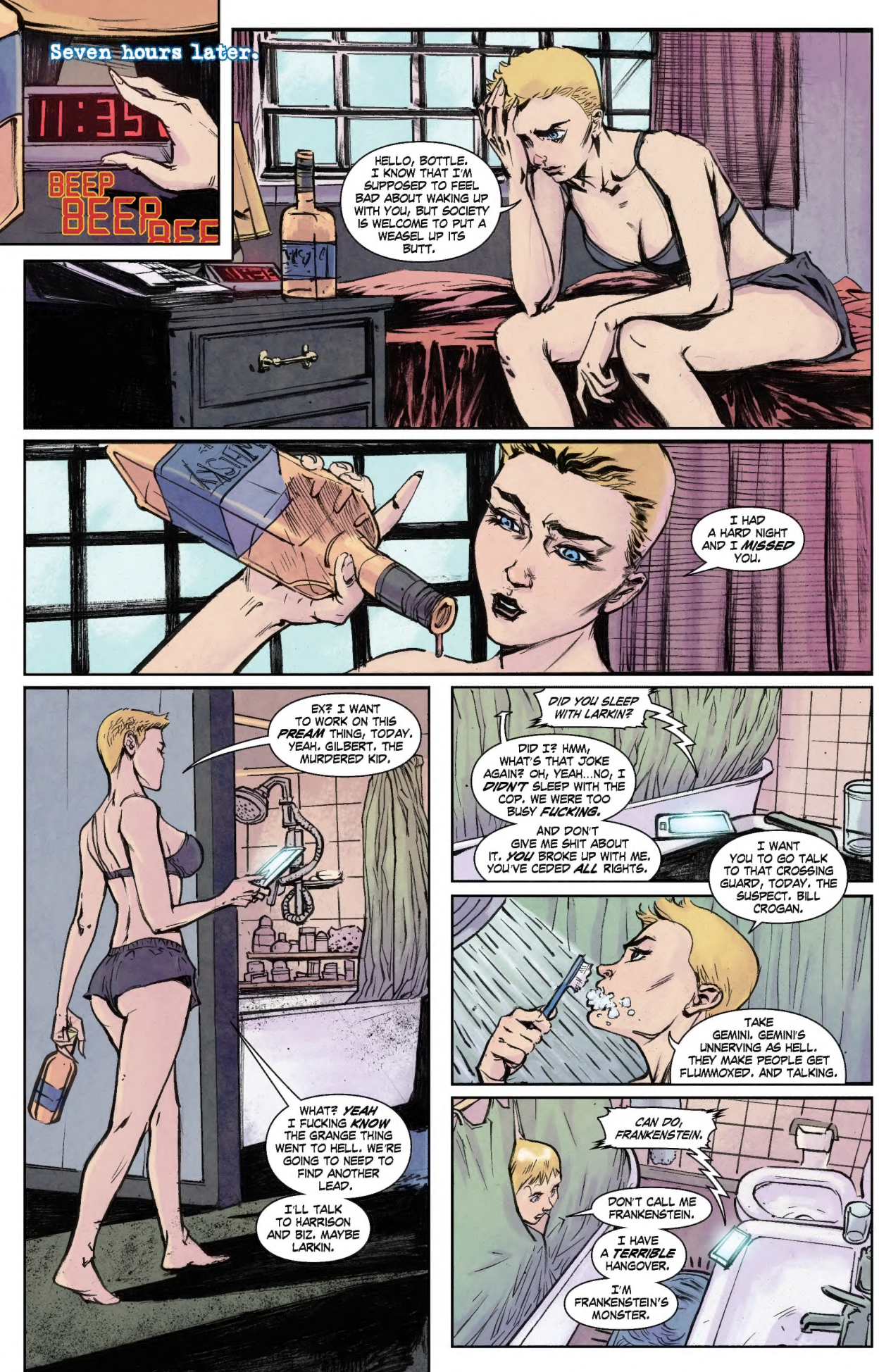
ONE OF MY FAVORITE STORIES ABOUT MY GRANDMOTHER IS HER PUSH FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS.
SHE HAD A LONG AND CONTENTIOUS NEWSPAPER FEUD WITH ALEXANDER SCULLY, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORENCE.
IF NOT NOW, WHEN? HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT TO BE HEARD?
OVER THE COURSE OF NEARLY A DECADE, SHE SLOWLY BENT HIM TO HER VIEWS, AND HE BECAME A VOCAL PROPONENT OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS, STANDING ALONGSIDE CECILIA AT DEMONSTRATIONS.
IT'S ONLY IN MY GRANDMOTHER'S PAPERS THAT WE DISCOVERED SCULLY WAS WHAT SHE CALLED A MAGPIE PROFESSOR, LIKE THE BIRDS DROPPED INTO A NEST.
SCULLY HAD BEEN IN FAVOR OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS ALL ALONG, BUT WAS PLAYING A LONG CON WITH MY GRANDMOTHER, SLOWLY SWAYING PUBLIC OPINION, TAKING THE MASSES FOR A RIDE.
A SILENT VOICE IS NO VOICE AT ALL! SPEAK LOUD! SPEAK PROUD! SPEAK NOW!
AND OF COURSE MY GRANDMOTHER DID ALMOST EVERYTHING CREDITED TO VICTOR. IN FACT, SHE SURPASSED EVERYTHING HE DID IN THE POPULAR FICTIONS.
A DECADE OF LIES, SIR. WELL DONE!
EASILY ACCOMPLISHED, UNFORTUNATELY. NO ONE EVER SUSPECTS A MAN OF PRETENDING TO BE AN ASS.
THERE ARE PROBABLY EVEN MORE SECRETS, WAITING TO BE UNCOVERED. CECILIA WAS THE TRUE RESURRECTIONIST.
IN HER DAY, SHE WAS SEEN AS A WITCH, AS A WOMAN WHO COULD DO THINGS FAR BEYOND THAT OF THE COMMON MAN.
THEY SAID SHE COULD CONTROL WEATHER. CONSORT WITH DEMONS. TALK WITH ANIMALS.
ALL LIES.
THEY SAID THAT A FRANKENSTEIN WOMAN COULD SENSE DANGER. THAT SHE HAD SENSES BEYOND THAT OF A NORMAL HUMAN.

THAT PART WAS TRUE.
DOWN!
CHNGG
CHNG
CHNG
CHNG
HADRY! WE HAVE A SNIPER!
WELL, SHIT! WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? YOU SEE WHERE HE'S AT?
ROOFTOP! BUT... CALM LEO DOWN! HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! HE JUST KNOWS THERE'S DANGER AND HE'LL LASH OUT AT ANYTHING THAT'S NOT A FRIEND!
WE NEED TO GET GRANGE SAFE! WE NEED HIM FOR--
RRRR!
AHHH!
--AHH, SHIT!
OKAY, THAT HAPPENED. LET'S MOVE ON.


EVER SINCE THE AMBUSH THAT KILLED MY SQUAD, I'VE BEEN DIFFERENT. I GUESS YOU CAN SAY I'VE BEEN HITTING THE DRUGS.
FUCK THIS.
spAKk
spAKk
THE DRUGS CECILIA MADE. THE OLD FAMILY RECIPES.
I'M FASTER, NOW. AND THAT THING ABOUT SENSING DANGER, I HAVE IT. RUNNING FOR THE BUILDING, I FIND MYSELF REACTING TO SHOTS BEFORE THEY'RE TAKEN, DODGING BULLETS THAT AREN'T EVEN ON THE WAY.
THE FUCK?
THAP
WHICH I SUPPOSE MAKES IT ALL THE MORE STUPID THAT I RUN FACE FIRST INTO A FUCKING CROW.
BULLETS SPRAY AROUND ME. I CAN HEAR HADRY YELLING. LEO GROWLING. BULLETS ON PAVEMENT. SOMETHING TUGS AT MY ARM. THE FUCKING CROW IS STILL FLAPPING AROUND MY FACE.
BUT THEN I'M INSIDE THE BUILDING. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW.
HOLY SHIT, SISTER. SLOW DOWN!


FUCKING STAIRS. STUPID FUCKING STAIRS.
FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS. I TAKE THEM FASTER THAN MOST PEOPLE WOULD THINK POSSIBLE. THEY TAKE ME HARDLY ANY TIME AT ALL.
SON OF A BITCH.
BUT THAT'S TOO MUCH TIME ANYWAY. BY THE TIME I MAKE IT TO THE ROOF, THE SNIPER'S GONE.
I CAN SEE WHERE HE WAS AT. I CAN SEE A TOWEL ON THE EDGE OF THE ROOF...
...WHERE HE WOULD HAVE RESTED HIS RIFLE, OR MAYBE HIS ARM.
IT'S LIKE I CAN FEEL HIM THERE. LIKE A GHOST.
THE CROW IS TALKING TO ME, BUT I KNOW IT'S JUST A HALLUCINATION. SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS LIKE THAT.
A MIX OF CECILIA'S RECIPES AND ADRENALINE, AND I SEE STRANGE SHIT. HEAR MY OWN THOUGHTS.
LIKE A GHOST. LIKE A GHOST.
BLOCKS AWAY. BLOCKS AWAY.
SHUT UP, HALLUCINATORY CROW.
THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE TO ONE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. THAT'S WHERE THE SNIPER WENT. PROBABLY BLOCKS AWAY BY NOW.

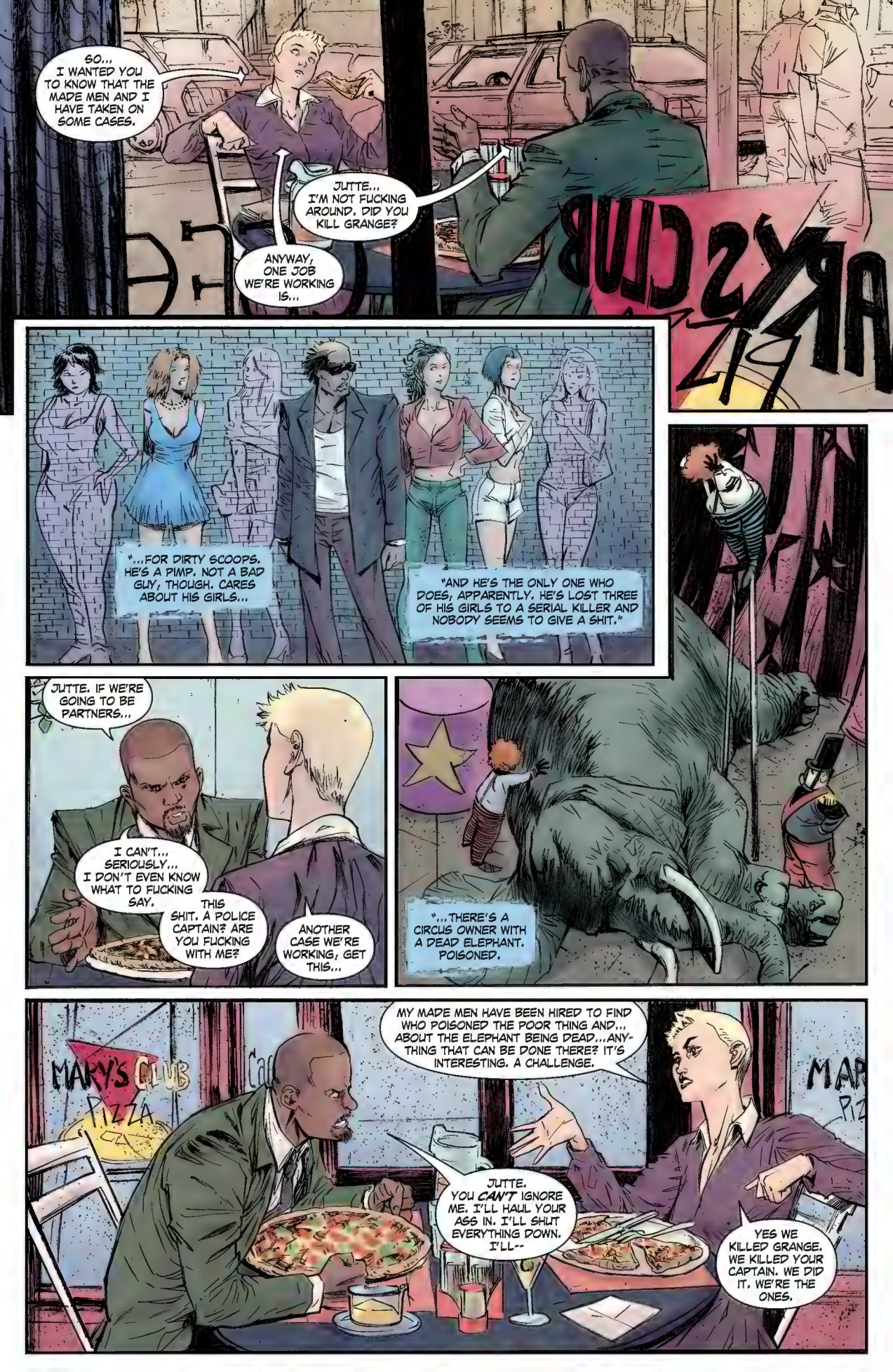
Three minutes later.
YOU LOOK LIKE FUCKING SHIT, JUTTE.
YEAH. THAT SUMS IT UP. THANKS. YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL SEXY.
I DO. IT'S GLORIOUS. BUT IT'S A SHAME WHAT I'M SEEING IN YOUR EYES.
YOU'RE CRASHING AND BURNING INSIDE THERE.
GO HOME. I'LL CLEAN UP THIS SHIT.
HADRY, THERE'S NO WAY--
HEY. TRUST ME. YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
YOU WANT TO CALL ME HADRY... THAT'S FINE WITH ME. I'M A NEW WOMAN, THESE DAYS.
RIGHTS FOR WOMAN
"BUT WHO I USED TO BE IS LUISA FALCONETTO. BORN 1894. DIED IN 1921. YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A MOUTHY LESBIAN SUFFRAGIST IN THE POLITICAL CLIMATE OF ITALY, BACK IN MY DAY?
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU.
I GOT PRETTY GOOD AT CLEANING UP MESSES.


Seven hours later.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
HELLO, BOTTLE. I KNOW THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO FEEL BAD ABOUT WAKING UP WITH YOU, BUT SOCIETY IS WELCOME TO PUT A WEASEL UP ITS BUTT.
I HAD A HARD NIGHT AND I MISSED YOU.
EX? I WANT TO WORK ON THIS PREAM THING, TODAY. YEAH. GILBERT. THE MURDERED KID.
WHAT? YEAH I FUCKING KNOW THE GRANGE THING WENT TO HELL. WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO FIND ANOTHER LEAD.
I'LL TALK TO HARRISON AND BIZ. MAYBE LARKIN.
DID YOU SLEEP WITH LARKIN?
DID I? HMM, WHAT'S THAT JOKE AGAIN? OH, YEAH...NO, I DIDN'T SLEEP WITH THE COP. WE WERE TOO BUSY FUCKING.
AND DON'T GIVE ME SHIT ABOUT IT. YOU BROKE UP WITH ME. YOU'VE CEDED ALL RIGHTS.
I WANT YOU TO GO TALK TO THAT CROSSING GUARD, TODAY. THE SUSPECT. BILL CROGAN.
TAKE GEMINI. GEMINI'S UNNERVING AS HELL. THEY MAKE PEOPLE GET FLUMMOXED. AND TALKING.
CAN DO, FRANKENSTEIN.
DON'T CALL ME FRANKENSTEIN.
I HAVE A TERRIBLE HANGOVER.
I'M FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.

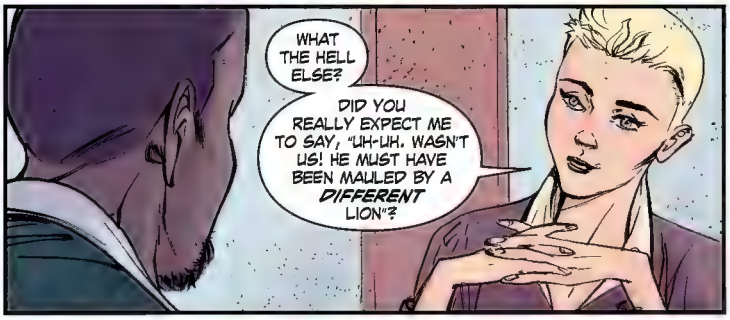
Elsewhere...
WHAT A HOLY SHIT OF A MORNING, LARKIN. I MEAN, HOLY SHIT.
YOU COULD EVEN SAY HOLY FUCKING SHIT.
I CAN BARELY TELL IT'S CAPTAIN GRANGE. WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO HIM?
CAR'S FULL OF BULLET HOLES. AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT GOT HUMPED BY AN ANGRY ROBOT.
AND... HOLY FUCKING SHIT. WHAT THE HELL ATTACKED CAPTAIN GRANGE?
GOTTA BE THAT BEAST AGAIN. SAME ONE THAT CHOMPED UP SHARPY THORPE OVER IN GABRIEL RICHARD PARK.
YOU GOT SOME BLOOD ON YOUR SHOE.
AHH, SHIT. SHIT'S HARD TO AVOID. GOT EVERY-WHERE.
AND WHAT THE HELL IS THIS "FREE SLOVENIA" THING? THIS A POLITICAL KILLING?
WHAT THE HELL IS SLOVENIA?
FREE SLOVENIA

IT'S A COUNTRY. IN EUROPE. THEY HAVE MOUNTAINS.
MOUNTAINS SCHMOUNTAINS. I WASN'T ASKING ABOUT SLOVENIA.
I WAS ASKING WHY IT'S WRITTEN ON A FUCKING STREET NEXT TO GRANGE BEING DEAD.
NOT A CLUE. ANY SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS?
NONE THAT WORK. BUNCH OF SCARECROW CAMERAS IS ALL.
BAR DOWN THE STREET SAYS GRANGE WAS THERE FOR HOURS.
SOUNDS LIKE THERE WAS A HOOKER INVOLVED.
GOT HIS WALLET STOLEN. PHONE TOO. NOT THE HOOKER. SOMEONE ELSE.
THIS WAS BEFORE... THIS... THIS SHIT.
HAS TO BE CAMERAS AT THE CLUB. GOT ANYTHING THERE?
WORKING ON IT. WE HAVE FORENSICS ON THE WAY.
TO THE CLUB? NOT SURE THAT...
NOT THE CLUB, NO. CHRIST. MILLION FINGERPRINTS, THERE. EVERYTHING COVERED IN BOOZE AND SWEAT, BLOOD AND CUM. USELESS.
CHRIST. YEAH. BLOOD. CAN'T BELIEVE CAP'S BLOOD IS ON MY GODDAMN SHOE.
CORONER'S HERE, SIR.
I HEAR THIS RIGHT? GRANGE IS DEAD?
IT'S THE CAPTAIN. YES.
HOLY FUCKING CHRIST.
RIGHT? I MEAN, NO SHIT. NO SHIT AT ALL.
I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE USUAL SNITCHES. AND WE SHOULD FIND THAT HOOKER.
LET'S KEEP HIS MISSING CREDIT CARDS OPEN. MAYBE HOOK US A FISH.
YOU STEP IN GRANGE'S BLOOD? NEED YOU TO BE MORE CAREFUL.
HOLY FUCKING CHRIST.

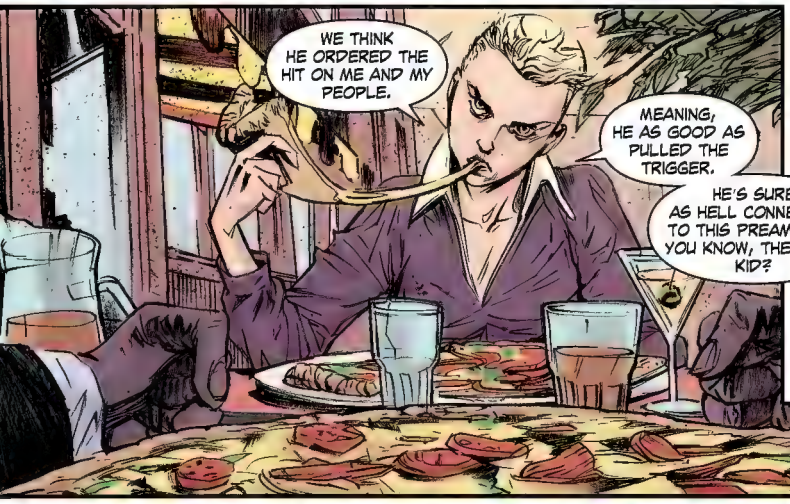
RING RING RING
DETECTIVE LUKE LARKIN. HOMICIDE.
JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN. THE OPPOSITE.
SHIT. YOU? I'M STANDING NEXT TO A CHEW TOY. YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?
I'M CALLING ABOUT A DIFFERENT HOMICIDE. A KID. KIDNAPPED AND MURDERED. COLD CASE. I WANT TO WARM IT UP.
WHO YOU TALKING TO, LARKIN?
A WOMAN. A FRIEND. SOMETHING. SHIT IF I KNOW.
WE FUCKED. JUST TELL HIM WE FUCKED.
SO'S THIS SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN A DEAD CAPTAIN?
A NEW INFORMANT. MIGHT HAVE A LEAD. SHE'S...SURPRISINGLY CONNECTED WITH THE UNDERWORLD.
LARKIN? YOU LISTENING? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THIS KID. GILBERT PREAM.
WELL, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT CHEW TOYS.
CAN YOU GET AWAY? MARY'S CLUB? THE DINER? AN HOUR?
Sixty-two minutes later.
MARY'S CLUB PIZZA
BEST PIZZA IN DETROIT
DID YOU KILL HIM?
Cafe
MENU

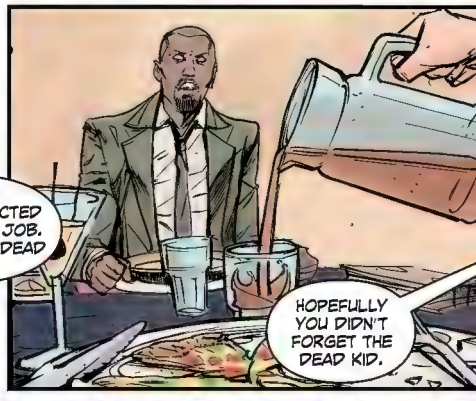

SO... I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT THE MADE MEN AND I HAVE TAKEN ON SOME CASES.
JUTTE... I'M NOT FUCKING AROUND. DID YOU KILL GRANGE?
ANYWAY, ONE JOB WE'RE WORKING IS...
"...FOR DIRTY SCOOPS. HE'S A PIMP. NOT A BAD GUY, THOUGH. CARES ABOUT HIS GIRLS...
"AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES, APPARENTLY. HE'S LOST THREE OF HIS GIRLS TO A SERIAL KILLER AND NOBODY SEEMS TO GIVE A SHIT."
JUTTE. IF WE'RE GOING TO BE PARTNERS...
I CAN'T... SERIOUSLY... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO FUCKING SAY.
THIS SHIT. A POLICE CAPTAIN? ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME?
ANOTHER CASE WE'RE WORKING, GET THIS...
"...THERE'S A CIRCUS OWNER WITH A DEAD ELEPHANT. POISONED.
MARY'S CLUB PIZZA
MY MADE MEN HAVE BEEN HIRED TO FIND WHO POISONED THE POOR THING AND... ABOUT THE ELEPHANT BEING DEAD...ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE THERE? IT'S INTERESTING. A CHALLENGE.
JUTTE. YOU *CAN'T* IGNORE ME. I'LL HAUL YOUR ASS IN. I'LL SHUT EVERYTHING DOWN. I'LL--
YES WE KILLED GRANGE. WE KILLED YOUR CAPTAIN. WE DID IT. WE'RE THE ONES.

WAIT. WHAT? YOU KILLED HIM?
YES. OF COURSE.
I MEAN, YOU ADMIT IT?

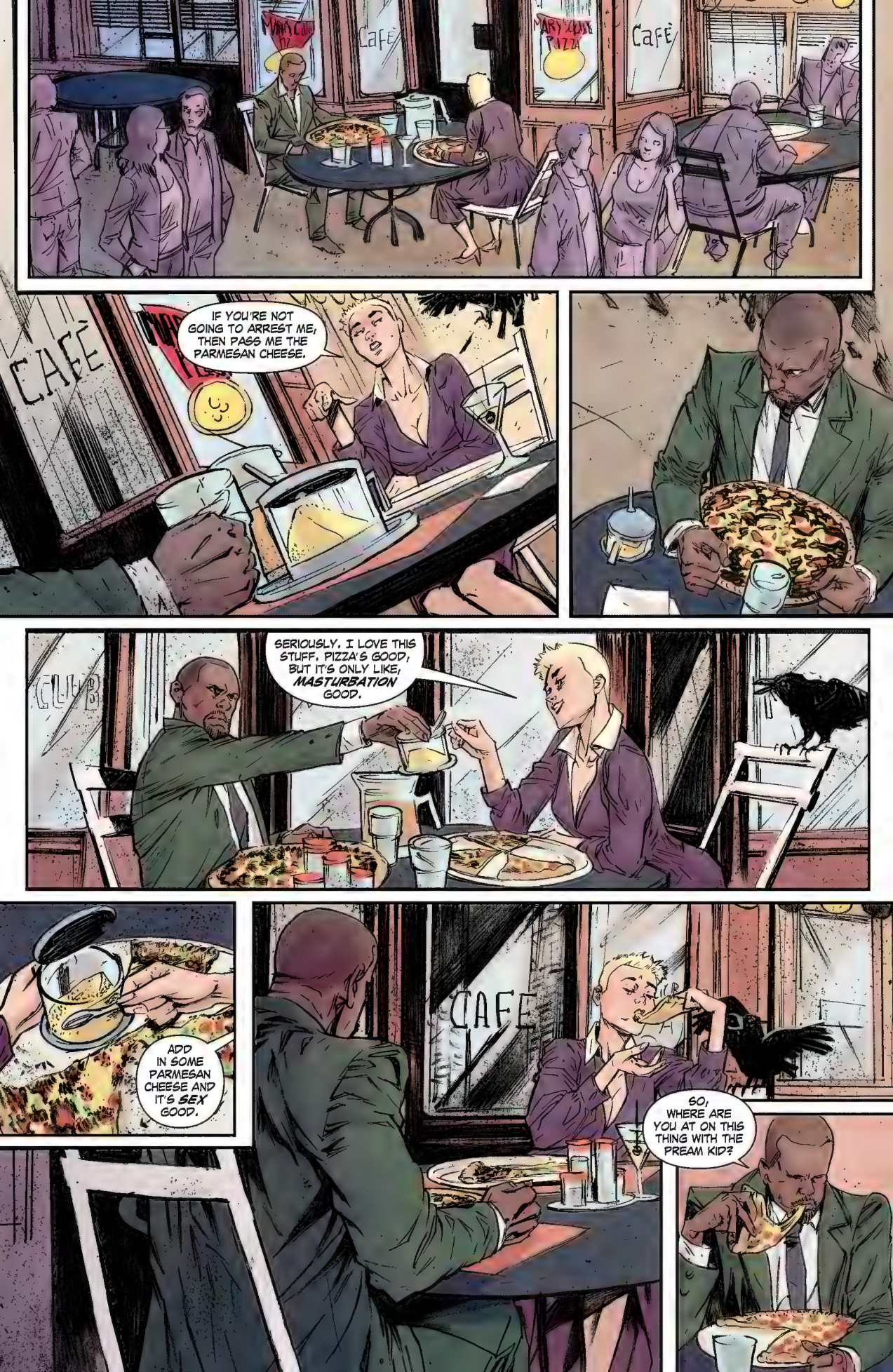

WHAT THE HELL ELSE?
DID YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO SAY, "UH-UH. WASN'T US! HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAULED BY A DIFFERENT LION"?

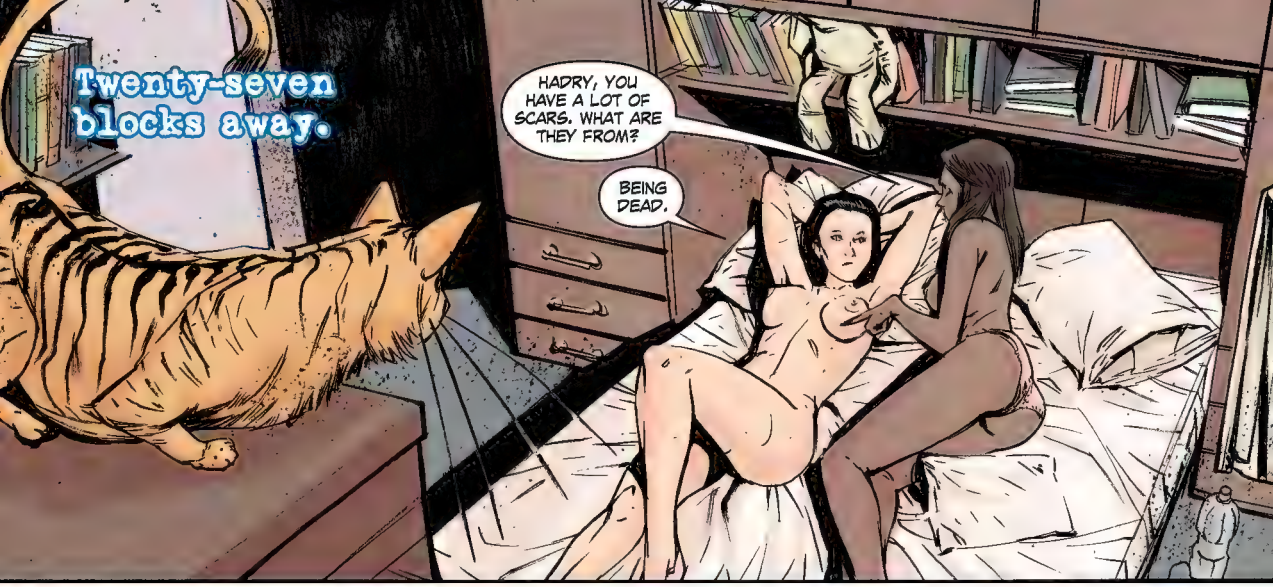
JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF--
BULLSHIT.
SHUT UP.
GRANGE WAS AS DIRTY AS A PREACHER'S PORN STASH.

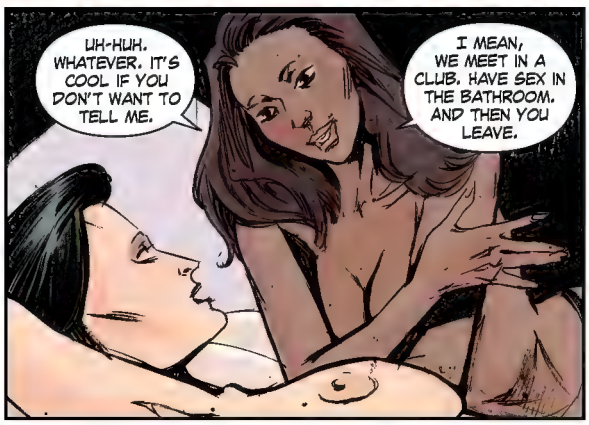

WE THINK HE ORDERED THE HIT ON ME AND MY PEOPLE.
MEANING, HE AS GOOD AS PULLED THE TRIGGER.
HE'S SURE AS HELL CONNECTED TO THIS PREAM JOB. YOU KNOW, THE DEAD KID?

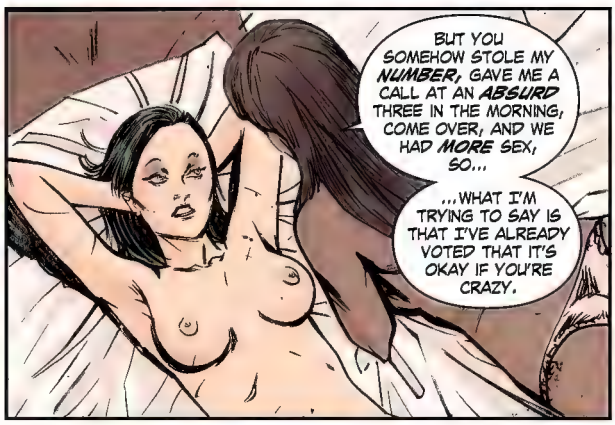

HOPEFULLY YOU DIDN'T FORGET THE DEAD KID.

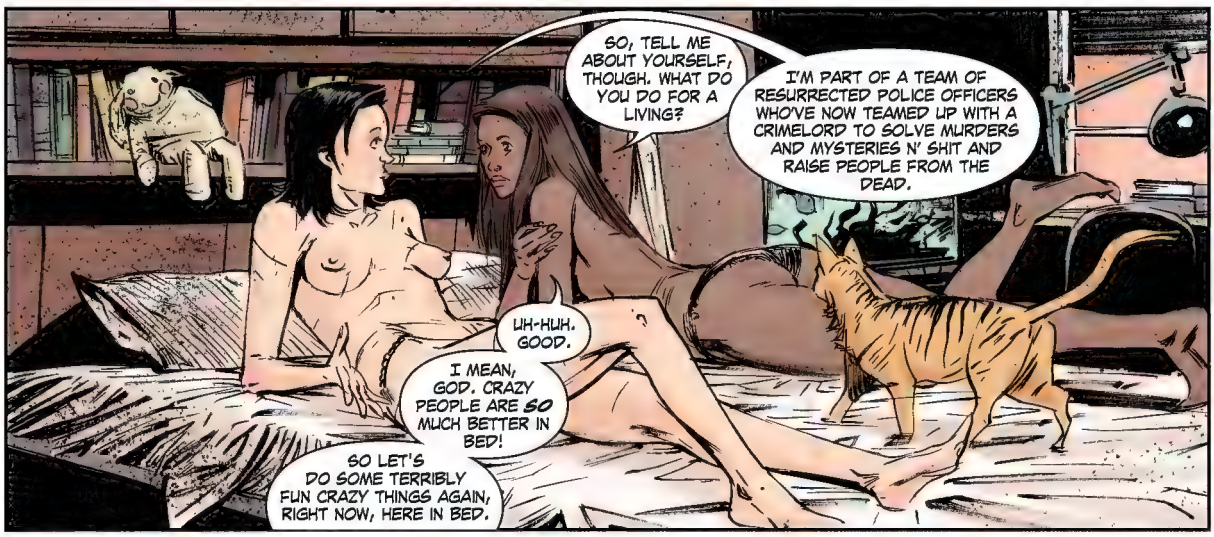
*ANYWAY, YES. WE WERE TALKING TO GRANGE LAST NIGHT, BUT IT GOT OUT OF HAND. NOT MY HAND. NOT OUR HANDS. A SNIPER.
*AND THEN LEO PANICKED AND CHEWED ON YOUR CAPTAIN. CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY HE'S DEAD.
BUT I CAN SAY I'M SORRY HE WAS DEAD BEFORE WE COULD QUESTION HIM.
HE KNOWS THINGS. KNEW THEM, ANYWAY.
SO, YOU CAN ARREST ME IF YOU WANT, BUT THERE'S SHIT GOING ON...
...AND WHEN THERE'S SHIT GOING ON IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO TAKE A STEP BACK--
--RATHER THAN STANDING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TURD.

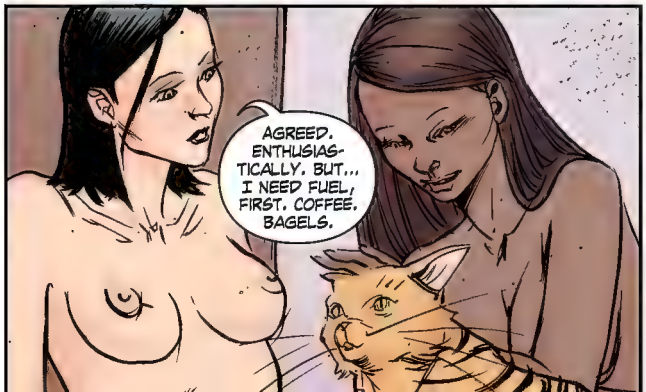

CAFE
CAFE
IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ARREST ME, THEN PASS ME THE PARMESAN CHEESE.
SERIOUSLY. I LOVE THIS STUFF. PIZZA'S GOOD, BUT IT'S ONLY LIKE, MASTURBATION GOOD.
ADD IN SOME PARMESAN CHEESE AND IT'S SEX GOOD.
CAFE
SO, WHERE ARE YOU AT ON THIS THING WITH THE PREAM KID?


Twenty-seven blocks away.
HADRY, YOU HAVE A LOT OF SCARS. WHAT ARE THEY FROM?
BEING DEAD.


UH-HUH. WHATEVER. IT'S COOL IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL ME.
I MEAN, WE MEET IN A CLUB. HAVE SEX IN THE BATHROOM. AND THEN YOU LEAVE.


BUT YOU SOMEHOW STOLE MY NUMBER, GAVE ME A CALL AT AN ABSURD THREE IN THE MORNING, COME OVER, AND WE HAD MORE SEX, SO...
...WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT I'VE ALREADY VOTED THAT IT'S OKAY IF YOU'RE CRAZY.


SO, TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, THOUGH. WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
I'M PART OF A TEAM OF RESURRECTED POLICE OFFICERS WHO'VE NOW TEAMED UP WITH A CRIMELORD TO SOLVE MURDERS AND MYSTERIES N' SHIT AND RAISE PEOPLE FROM THE DEAD.
UH-HUH. GOOD.
I MEAN, GOD. CRAZY PEOPLE ARE SO MUCH BETTER IN BED!
SO LET'S DO SOME TERRIBLY FUN CRAZY THINGS AGAIN, RIGHT NOW, HERE IN BED.


AGREED. ENTHUSIAS-TICALLY. BUT... I NEED FUEL, FIRST. COFFEE. BAGELS.

OOO. GOOD IDEA. LET'S EAT, AND THEN, YOU KNOW...LET'S PLAY.

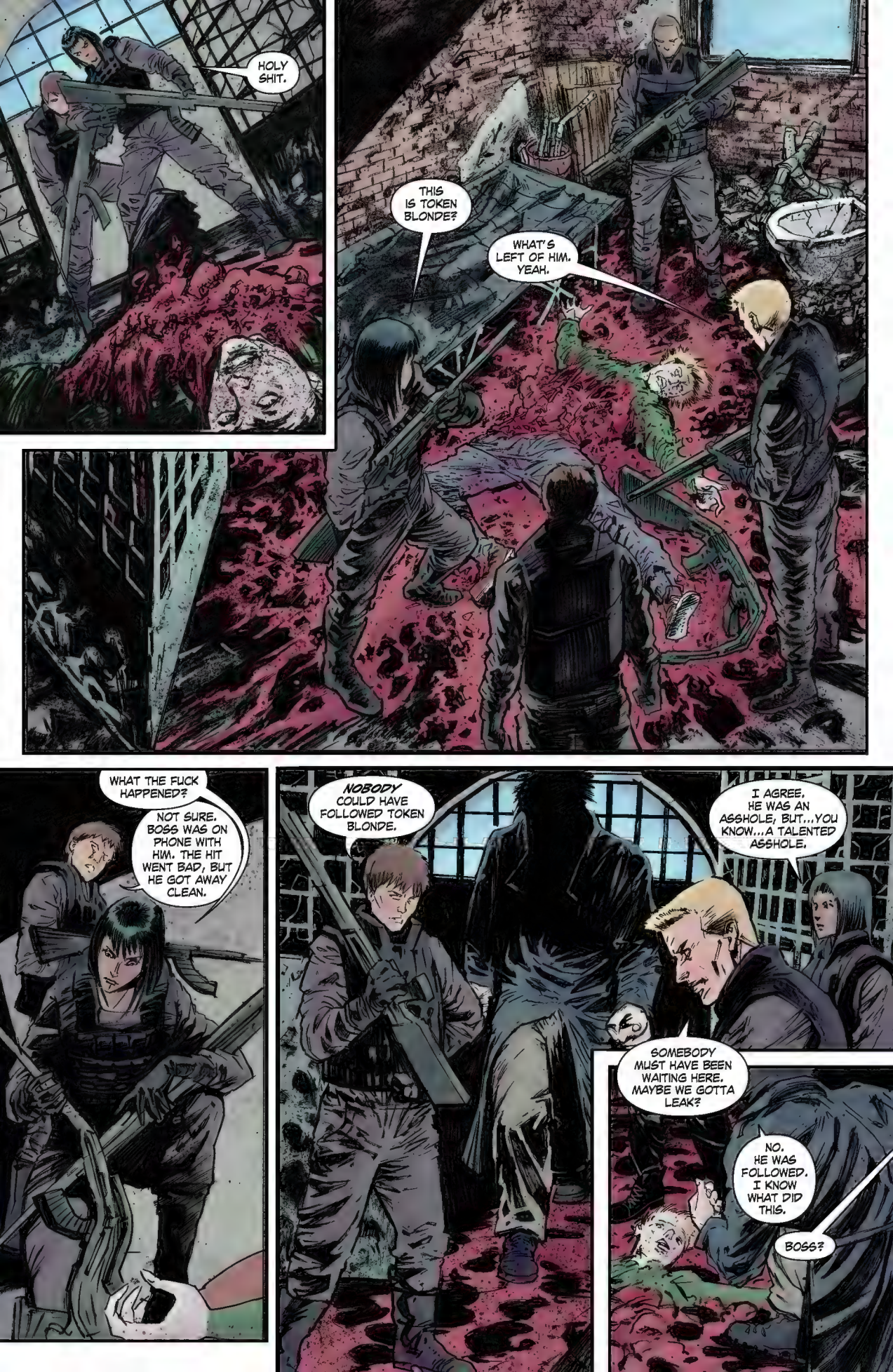
Fifteen minutes later...
I JUST HAD SEX WITH A PERSON.
OKAY.
IT WASN'T MY HUSBAND. I'M NOT EVEN MARRIED.
YEAH?
IT WAS A WOMAN.
NICE. I MEAN, NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
I'M...I'M GOING TO GO UPSTAIRS AND HAVE SEX WITH HER AGAIN.
THAT'S FINE, MA'AM. YOU HAVE A NICE DAY.
I'M GOING TO VOTE IN THE NEXT ELECTION!
GOOD. IT'S IMPORTANT!
HOLY SHIT. THIS WORLD ROCKS.

Elsewhere...
MIND IF I SIT?
MAKE ROOM. HERE WE COME.
YOUR NAME IS BILL CROGAN. YOU'RE FIFTY-THREE YEARS OLD. YOU VOLUNTEER AS A CROSSING GUARD.
YOU HAVE TWO BROTHERS. ONE WAS NAMED SYLVESTER "SHARPY" THORPE. HE KILLED US, ONCE. BUT WE GOT BETTER AND THEN WE KILLED HIM. HE'LL BE STAYING DEAD.

YOUR OTHER BROTHER IS HUBERT GRANGE. POLICE CHIEF. PRETTY SURE HE COVERED UP FOR YOU ON A NUMBER OF CRIMES.
I'M CALLING HIM *RIGHT NOW.* YOU'RE IN FOR TEN *TONS OF SHIT* WHEN...
KILLED HIM LAST NIGHT.
NEWS ISN'T OUT, YET.
YOU'RE FLOATING ALONE IN THE WIND.
IF THIS IS ABOUT THAT CAVENDAUGH KID, I WASN'T ANYWHERE *NEAR* OAK PARK LAST THURSDAY.
INTERESTING. WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY *CAVENDAUGH* KID.
WE *WILL,* THOUGH. LOOKING HER UP RIGHT NOW.
INCIDENTALLY, WHEN YOU WEREN'T LOOKING, I POISONED YOUR DRINK. IN A FEW HOURS, YOU'LL BE SPITTING BLOOD.
TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW, AND...MAYBE YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO EXPERIENCE WHAT HAPPENS A FEW HOURS AFTER *THAT.*
W-WHAT?
C'MON, YOU GUYS. FUCK.
I MEAN, FUCK. SERIOUSLY? FUCK.

Thirty-two minutes later.
STOP
THAT'S THE PLACE.
THERE'S THREE OF THEM. THE SUPPLIERS, I MEAN. THEY WORK OUT OF THERE.
YOU MEAN THE PEOPLE WHO KIDNAP KIDS? THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN?
UH. YES. CAN YOU GIVE ME THE ANTIDOTE NOW? PLEASE?
FOR THE POISON? HEH. ABOUT THAT...
...I WAS BLUFFING.
YOU MEAN... I'M NOT POISONED?
NO. YOU'RE DEFINITELY POISONED. I MEANT I WAS BLUFFING ABOUT THE ANTIDOTE.
NO SUCH THING AS AN ANTIDOTE TO DEATH.
NOT FOR YOUR SIDE, ANYWAY.
BEEF
KNOCK KNOCK

Seven miles away...
HE'S UP HERE!
ALL CLEAR. AREA SECURED.
FAIR WARNING. IT AIN'T PRETTY UP HERE.
THAT'S FINE. BEAUTY AND I DON'T MUCH GET ALONG, ANYWAY.


HOLY SHIT.
THIS IS TOKEN BLONDE?
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM. YEAH.
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?
NOT SURE. BOSS WAS ON PHONE WITH HIM. THE HIT WENT BAD, BUT HE GOT AWAY CLEAN.
NOBODY COULD HAVE FOLLOWED TOKEN BLONDE.
I AGREE. HE WAS AN ASSHOLE, BUT...YOU KNOW...A TALENTED ASSHOLE.
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BEEN WAITING HERE. MAYBE WE GOTTA LEAK?
NO. HE WAS FOLLOWED. I KNOW WHAT DID THIS.
BOSS?

YOU KNOW?
WHO THE HELL *WAS* IT?
ALL THIS... THIS FUCKING MESS. IT HAD TO BE A FUCKING *MONSTER.*
WHAT?
WHAT'D I SAY?
YOU'RE NEW. YOU HAVEN'T QUITE LEARNED THE RULES.
BUT, FROM NOW ON, KNOW THIS. DUE TO...MY YOUTH...I DON'T LIKE TO EVEN *HEAR* THE WORD...
...*MONSTER.*
To be continued...

NEXT ISSUE

TESTIMONIAL WITH...

ARI

20 YEARS OF COMICS
ONI PRESS
ESTABLISHED 1997

DEAR READER,

Here we are, at the end of 2017. It's been a tough year in a lot of ways. I don't know how to properly address all that in the back of a comic book, but suffice it to say: I'm glad you're here, and I hope you found joy this year as well. I'm thankful to be here with you.

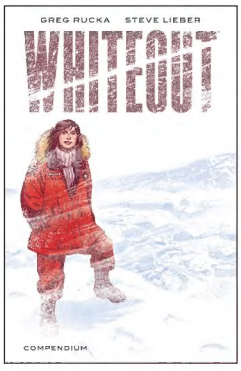
This was an exciting year to be part of Oni Press. We moved offices, and gained a big fancy window and a small mouse friend. We added some fantastic new co-workers: administrative assistant Alissa Sallah, junior graphic designer Kate Z. Stone, publicity manager Melissa Meszaros, and associate editor Desiree Wilson, all of whom have done amazing work this year and are generally awesome people to be around. During the summer, *Atomic Blonde* was released, a high-action, super stylish adaptation of Antony Johnston and Sam Hart's graphic novel *The Coldest City*. We debuted Oni Games, our new tabletop gaming imprint, and announced *The Tea Dragon Society Card Game*, which feels like such a wonderful complement to the graphic novel by Katie O'Neill. And a ton more! There were so many wonderful books and achievements this year, and it delights me to be able to share them with you, our readers, and with my teammates here at Oni.

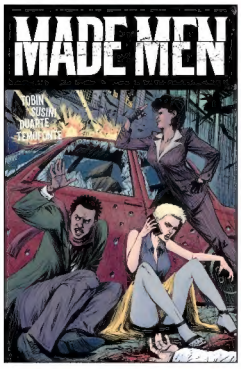
In 2018, we celebrate our 20th anniversary, and we're kicking it off with the compendium release of Greg Rucka and Steve Lieber's influential work *Whiteout*, which you can read right now. We've got lots of great surprises planned for the year, so keep an eye out (and follow us on social media)! In the meantime, I hope you're able to spare a few moments to enjoy some good books, some good people, and maybe donate your time to a good cause.

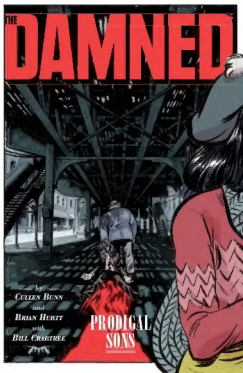
We'll see you next year, friends.

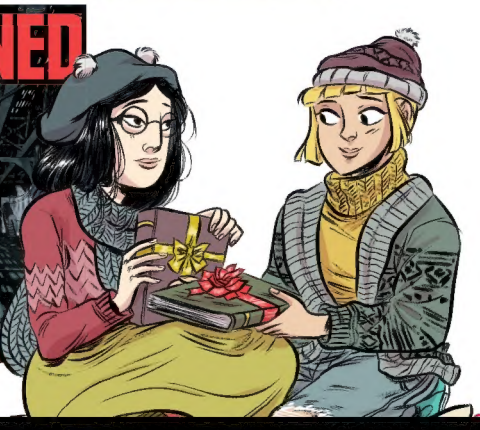
All the best,
Ari Yarwood
Executive Editor

▸ WHAT'S NEW THIS MONTH









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